

"The World Was All Before Them."

They, looking back, all the eastern side
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the
gate
With dreadful faces thronged the fiery
arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but
wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to
choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering
steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
—Milton, "Paradise Lost," the End.

Failure of Justice

The disbanding of the Deep Gulch Vigilant Committee, after a short and inglorious career, was due partly to general circumstances, but more particularly to the treachery and lack of civic pride in the institutions of the camp displayed by Ike Stanton, whom the committee had marked for its first victim.

Even before the day when Ike "broke loose" there had been a growing feeling that the camp was too strenuous in its mode of life and that frequent and unprovoked gunplays were driving away all would-be investors. Ike's behavior strengthened this feeling. He had been too free in the use of his revolver even for Deep Gulch Camp, where the etiquette on this subject could scarcely be called right. His performance on the day in question had culminated in forcing a staid Eastern tourist, who had strayed into the camp by some mischance, to dance a cancan on top of the bar, while Ike, by numerous and well-aimed shots, tried to cut off the rim of the silk hat which had excited his ire. Ordinarily, the camp would have looked on this proceedings as a simple and harmless jest. But after the tourist had shaken the dust of the camp from his feet it developed that he had visited the camp with the intention of buying a mine. Then the wrath of the camp bubbled over.

"Is that the way to treat a man looking to sink good money in our played-out mines?" inquired Amos Peterkin earnestly of a group of indignant citizens. "Can we expect the moneyed men of this great American nation to hurry toward Deep Gulch Mining Camp when the only inducements offered are to have the tops of their silk hats shot off, and to be told that if they don't dance quicker they will lose the tips of their ears? Is that the way to appeal to the bankers of the rich and effete East?"

The sentiment of the impromptu meeting seemed to be that any appeal to wealthy investors which was meant to be effective must be put in a different form. Ike Stanton had struck a blow at the prosperity of the camp.

"And Ike being a citizen of the camp will be a good man for the vigilants to practice on," added Amos Peterkin. "If things don't go smoothly it won't be as bad as if we were beginning with a stranger. If Ike's got any proper pride in the camp, blamed if he oughtn't to be proud of the opportunity. It will give the vigilants a chance to get sort of letter perfect, as that actor chap used to say."

But Ike Stanton evidently was lacking in proper pride in the camp

"Want me for a blamed amateur vigilance committee to practice on!" he fairly roared, bristling with righteous wrath. "Going to use one of the oldest and most respected residents of the camp when they had an extra tourist, who wouldn't have been missed and would have just filled the bill? Well, that's too much for me."



"Very brave about drawing a gun on a man whose hands are tied!" sneered Ike.

I'm going to resign as a citizen of this camp and throw in my lot with them Big Snake River fellows."

But when a gentleman has been selected as proper material for practice by even an amateur vigilance committee it behooves him to change his place of residence as quickly as may be. Ike Stanton, overcome by his emotions at having been selected for practice purposes, dallied too long, attempting to drown his sorrows and express his indignation. The result was that the vigilance committee was organized and in his trail when he was barely clear of the camp. Ike urged his horse to greater speed. So did the vigilants. Then a chance shot from a rifle brought down his horse. Ike knew the game was up and philosophically seated himself by the roadside to await the arrival of the committee. He realized that further efforts to escape would only mean a shower of well-aimed bullets.

When the vigilants reached him the list of his offenses, beginning with the time he held up a crowd in a gambling house and ending with the misplaced gayety which had driven an investor with money from the camp, was recited. The unanimous sentiment of the committee was that hanging was the only thing which would square Ike Stanton's account with the outraged properties of Deep Gulch Camp. Ike's arms were bound and he was led to a near-by tree. There a rope was prepared. Up to this time Ike had watched proceedings with languid contempt. Now his scorn bubbled over.

"I don't mind the boys stringing me up," he said in deep disdain and looking straight at Amos Peterkin, "but I do object to having these last sad formalities conducted under the leadership of a durned Eastern tenderfoot mud turtle!" That was enough to jar the sensibilities of the best-natured leader of a vigilance committee. Amos drew his revolver.

"Very brave about drawing a gun on a man whose hands are tied," sneered Ike, again repeating his re-

marks apropos of tenderfoot mud turtles. "But if these ropes were off and you stood up in front of me I'd change your ugly face, so that even the mud turtles would be ashamed of you."

Amos promptly signified his willingness to accept this challenge. Ike was untied. But he still was unsatisfied.

"If this thing is going to be done at all," he said earnestly, "for the reputation of the camp I want it done right. It's the first prizefight and the first lynching. With me any little breaks don't matter. But you want the details right so that if you try it on a stranger you won't make a laughing stock of the camp."

Under the direction of Ike the arrangements demanded by strict etiquette were made. A ring was cleared, seconds chosen, a timekeeper selected. The members of the vigilance committee beamed with approval of Ike's proper spirit as they worked. Here was a man whom it was a pleasure and a honor to hang, a man who had the credit of the camp at heart and would spare no pains to make the affair a success. There was no thought of treachery.

But suddenly, while the members of the committee were occupied with arrangements for the coming static contest, Ike sprang to one side and seized a pair of revolvers which had been laid aside by a busy vigilante. Before the rest realized what had happened he had the crowd covered. Then came the command to "Put up hands!" One man was just a little slow. A bullet shattered his arm. That ended unnecessary delays by the rest.

Holding the committee under cover of his revolvers Ike Stanton marched them to a considerable distance from their horses. Then he backed up to the horses, picked out the fleetest one, and a second later was fleeing over the hills. The vigilance committee then rushed for their mounts, but the start gained by the treacherous Ike was too great to be overcome.

"And there was a man," said Amos Peterkin bitterly after the return to camp, "whom we'd always given the best treatment and were preparing to send off in good style. And look at the way he played it on the boys. Treacherous! Why, a rattlesnake is an open-hearted, Christian gentleman compared with that Ike Stanton."—Edwin J. Webster in New York Times.

Penelope.

She walks demurely through the town
When April days are sweet;
The sun shines on her lilac gown
And dances at her feet.
And every blossom on the way
Has cunning eyes to see
How well she matches with the day,
This fair Penelope.

I watch her from my window ledge;
I dog her where she goes,
Yet loiter bashful at the hedge
Despite my Sabbath hose.
For, ah! she flouts me high and low—
The town folk laugh in glee—
Sure, lass, thy heart in mail should go,
And not in dainty.

I see her on the deacon's walks
Through box-lined pathways go;
She strolls among the hollyhocks
That blossom row on row.
All crimson-clad, they flaunt and swell
Above her furbelows,
As might about some city belle
A galaxy of beaus.

She heedeth not my sighs or rhymes;
My life is out of tune;
What care I for the Easter chimes,
The white Lent-lilies' bloom?
Ah, prithce, sweet, next Eastertide
I may walk forth with thee;
Just thou and I, and Love beside—
A goodly company.
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Life.

Looked Like a "Cinch."

As he worked his way up a long line to the window of the paying teller a porter with a leather bag stood immediately in front of him and passed in a check for \$2,000.

"How will you have it?" inquired the teller.

"Five hundred in tens, seven hundred and fifty in fives, five hundred in twos, two hundred in ones, and fifty in silver."

The packages of bills and rolls of silver were promptly passed out and deposited and locked in the bag, which hung from the neck of the porter by a chain, when a messenger boy, with bulging eyes, exclaimed:

"Gee whiz—Mister, do you mind telling me what horses you're goin' to play?"

They Love to Walk.

If I were asked what is the favorite amusement of German children, I should answer, taking long walks into the country. The love of nature seems to be born in most of them, says a writer in St. Nicholas. Besides, they are sturdy young folks, and are perfectly willing to put up with inconveniences. For these reasons they are just the people to enjoy walking in the country, and the practice begun in childhood is kept up during life. When the children go on these long walks they often carry what we should call a botanical box (that is, a tin box about a foot and a half long, with rounded edges, and a lid on hinges), slung over the shoulder by a strap.

New Crusade in Glasgow.

Glasgow is pursuing a crusade against flower-sellers in the street.

EPICURE WHO LIVED HIGH.

Expensive Dishes Provided Famous English Gourmand.

Lord Alvanley, a noted wit and high liver in England a hundred years ago, insisted on having an apple tart on his dinner table every day throughout the year. On one occasion he paid a caterer \$1,000 for a luncheon put up in a basket that sufficed a small boating party going up the Thames. Being one of a dozen men dining together at a London club where each was required to produce his own dish, Alvanley's, as the most expensive, won him the advantage of being entertained free of cost. This benefit was gained at an expense of \$540, that being the price of a simple fricassee composed entirely of the "noix" or small pieces at each side of the back taken from thirteen kinds of birds, among them being a hundred snipe, forty woodcocks and twenty pheasants—in all about 300 birds.

ENTERPRISE OF AN UNDERTAKER

New York Man Who Knows the Value of Advertising.

A man in clerical garb was handing out cards to the home-going crowd at the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge one evening last week. On the face of the card was an identification blank, in case of accidents. The plan looked easy and convenient, and most persons tucked the cards in their pockets. When they got home they found on the reverse side the advertisement of an undertaker who advertised a new scheme in burials. The indorsement of a clergyman read: "His tact and painstaking preparation at the committal service in the provision of tent, matting, chains and a patent lowering device, go far toward making the last moments with the dear departed as comfortable as possible."—New York Press.

Catholic Priests Join Elks.

What is thought to have been the first initiation of Catholic priests into the order of Elks has taken place in New York. The Rev. William H. J. Reeny, chaplain, U. S. N., and the Rev. James Byrne, who has a Staten island parish, have joined the secret society which is favored especially by theatrical people. There has never been any opposition on the part of the church to the laity joining the Elks, which is regarded in the light of a fraternal society, and it is well known that thousands of Catholics throughout the country are members of the order, but this is the first instance, as far as known, where priests have become members.

His Naive Request.

In a trial in England a man had been arrested for stealing rabbits, articles belonging to him having been found after a sudden flight. The poacher pleaded that the things were not his. His lawyer took up the plea and won the case. "I suppose I go for good?" asked the poacher, turning to the magistrate as he left the dock. "Yes," was the answer. "And I can't be brought up again for this 'ere offense?" "No," said the magistrate. "You're sartin?" the man exclaimed in some excitement; and he was assured that there was no doubt at all. "Then," said he, "I'd thank you, your worship, to kindly give me back my line an' my ferret!"

Daniel Webster's Dinner Set.

Daniel Webster's liquor set and its oaken case, which he carried with him on all his important journeys, is now owned by S. T. Kimball of Rockland, Mass. Webster bequeathed it to his son, Col. Fletcher Webster, who after some years sold it to John Miller, a wholesale liquor dealer of Boston. He twenty-eight years later presented it to a relative, Job Greenhalgh, a business man of Boston, and from Mr. Greenhalgh Mr. Kimball has purchased it. The case contains six quart and six pint decanters, and in the tray are two tumblers, two goblets and a measuring glass.

Smoking Universal in Germany.

The use of cigars or cigarettes is all but universal in Germany. The manufacture of both has become an important industry, the number of those engaged in cigarmaking in 1902 being 175,000. This work is largely carried on in villages instead of in cities. Those who till the soil live for the most part in villages during the winter and make cigars at exceedingly low wages. Thus it happens that the city of Mannheim, which is an important center of the trade, has not a single cigar factory. Nearly half the raw tobacco is from Holland.

Returned a Cautious Verdict.

During the landlord and tenant disturbances in Ireland some years ago a certain property owner was discovered lying dead near a village of which he was owner. The coroner's jury, knowing full well that the man had been shot down by "the boys," were, nevertheless, loath to further investigate, therefore rendered the following verdict: "We find that the deceased gentleman died by the visitation of God—under suspicious circumstances."

"You should sleep on your right side, madam." "I really can't do it, doctor; my husband talks in his sleep and I can't bear a thing with my left ear."

The secret of the popularity of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar is revealed in one word—"Quality."

Few men have weak eyes from looking in the bright side of life.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

He—I knew the night I proposed to you, that you would accept me. She—Why, because I looked so very foolish!

If you have smoked a Bullhead 5-cent cigar you know how good they are; if you have not, better try one.

The bass drum may be a delusion but a is not a share.

CHANGE OF LIFE.



Some sensible advice to women passing through this trying period.

The painful and annoying symptoms experienced by most women at this period of life are easily overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially designed to meet the needs of woman's system at the trying time of change of life.

It is no exaggeration to state that Mrs. Pinkham has over 5000 letters like the following proving the great value of her medicine at such times.

"I wish to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her medicine has done for me. My trouble was change of life. Four years ago my health began to fail, my head began to grow dizzy, my eyes pained me, and at times it seemed as if my back would fall me, had terrible pains across the kidneys. Hot flashes were very frequent and trying. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken six bottles of it and am to-day free from those troubles. I cannot speak in high enough terms of the medicine. I recommend it to all and wish every suffering woman would give it a trial."—RELLA ROSS, 88 Montclair Ave., Roslindale, Mass.—\$5000 for full original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The Lass With a Glass
of Hires Rootbeer brightens her eyes, deepens the roses in her cheeks, and acquires sound health and buoyant spirits from her favorite beverage.

Hires Rootbeer

the great hot weather drink, is sold every where, or sent by mail for 25c. A package makes five gallons.
Chas. E. Hires & Co., Baltimore, Pa.



We would teach the lady who buys.

Lesson number one. Starch is an extraction of wheat used to stiffen clothes when laundered. Most starches in time will rot the goods they are used to stiffen. They

contains chemicals. Defiance Starch is absolutely pure. It gives new life to linen. It gives satisfaction or money back. It sells 10 ounces for 10 cents at all grocers. It is the very best.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE DEFIANCE STARCH CO.
OMAHA - NEB.



A chance shot from a rifle brought down his horse, and its institutions. The situation didn't seem to appeal to him in the least.